

SOMETHING MORE THAN TINSEL.

Edie Williams went to the Crowther's garden party with the words, "Will he be here?" repeating themselves in her mind.

"I—I hope it may," said Edie. "Thank you. Well, I'm off," he added, wearily.

"The matter, auntie! Does one have to have a fever or a broken limb to look one's best?"

Her face ought to have told him much. It certainly told him something. "I have been such a fool," he added hastily, with a strange quick look into her eyes.

"I propose, Edith, to spend my afternoon mostly under that nice shady mulberry tree by the fountain. One does not often see such a nice tree."

"Oh, no, I don't say that. But there is something in your suggestion. Try your old style, Mr. Edgington, and you'll soon regain your earlier position."

"Will he marry her, do you think?" "I pity him if he does," Edie sympathized with them both.

He went to Paris, working as an unattached journalist and living how he could. His little in the Latin Quarter was not comfortable, but it was more so than his thoughts.

"My dear Miss Williams, we want you sadly in a self," here broke in Mr. Cresswell, a frivolous young barrister.

Having what is called the artistic temperament, he suffered very much. He grew morbid; so that the dead bodies on their slabs in the morgue interested him in more ways than one.

Elizabeth J. Holland, of Winnie, Maiden Co., N. C., in a significant letter to Dr. R. V. Pierce, writes: "I was confined to the house and yard all the time. I could not be on my feet but a very little."

It was now that chance threw them together again. There was a question of a new play for Edie. She and the manager looked through many that were submitted to him.

UNBLEACHED MUSLIN, full one yard wide, to go at, yard..... 24c

INDIGO BLUE CALICOES, strong dye, pretty patterns, to go at, yard..... 32c

Jonas Long's Sons

LIGHT SHIRTING CALICOES, very good patterns, to go at, yard..... 28c

Our Great January Trade Sale Is Now in Full Swing.

A mighty host of people paid homage yesterday to this big trade event of the year. They found the great store one solid mass of intensely interesting bargains.



The sale is yet only in its infancy. Every day will find mighty additions to the bargain feast.

Men's Wear

Men's Unlaundered White Shirts, reinforced over shoulders and down sides; cut full size; all size necks..... 25c

Domestics, Linens and Blankets

Your choice of Bleached and Unbleached or Turkey Red Table Damask, worth 35c yard..... 24c

Grey Wool Blankets in 10-4 and 11-4 that were \$2.50 pair. To go at..... 1.89

Embroideries

5,000 yards of Cambrie Embroidered Edges, finely worked and pretty patterns; was 5c, yd—to go now at..... 3c

Notions

Coats Crochet Cotton in White and colors, 200 yards..... 3c

Coats and Suits Under Cost

Women's Jackets—beaver, kersey, chevrot and English melton—all the leading colors; were \$17.50 to \$20. Now..... 10.97

Women's Tailor-Made Suits in plain and fancy mixtures; jackets silk lined; skirts are new bell shape, lined in extra quality percaline; were \$15.00 to \$17.00. Now..... 10.97

Muslin Underwear

Drawers, good cotton, nicely made with tucks—to go at..... 12c

House Furnishings

Coffee and Tea Pots, 2, 3 and 4 quart; your choice..... 14c

Dress Goods—Silks

Double width Fancy Plaids in many designs, yd..... 5c

Hosiery—Underwear

Boys' heavy fleeced-lined underwear; all sizes, at..... 22c

Laces

5,000 yards of machine made Torchons—that will wash and wear—big variety of edges and insertions; was 10c, yd—now..... 5c

Perfume

200 Bottles of Fine Perfume, All Odors, put up in Fancy Cut Bottles, worth 25c bottle. To go at..... 15c

Groceries

New Buckwheat Flour, sack..... 65c



The most terrible captivity is to be held captive by one's own weakness. It is to be held captive by one's own weakness.

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Jonas Long's Sons

750 pairs of Women's Fine Kid Gloves, absolutely worth \$1.25 pair—to go at..... 89c

Your choice of any of our famous dollar makes of Corsets, including the Kabo, R and G, Sonnet and Warner, during this great trade sale at..... 89c

Jonas Long's Sons

"Mr. Galbraith," said Edie that evening, "you must write to Mr. Edgington and tell him that if I may make some alterations in his work it will suit me. I'll make it suit you, too, I promise."

It was now that Max crossed the channel and witnessed his own work, without word to anyone.

Then suddenly her feelings overpowered her. "Why did you not write and tell me you were hard up, Max?" she said, reproachfully.

"Edie!" "Yes." "Sometimes tells me that we are more to teach other than perhaps but he had his answer in her face—From London Answers."

so off went John to the telegraph office. "A quarter (one shilling) a word to London, sir," answered the polite clerk to his inquiry.